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and here lies Miss Sinclair's real, original contribution to the defense of idealism. Professor Alexander says: "I am aware of my awareness as I strike a stroke or wave a farewell. My awareness and my being aware of it are identical. I experience a tree as I strike a man or wave a flag." To which Miss Sinclair replies: "My experience of a tree is my awareness of the tree. Quite obviously, mere awareness *is* awareness, and it is not a tree. Awareness of awareness has no content but awareness; and in this logical sense the two are identical. They are, that is to say, identical in essence but not in existence, for the two awarenesses are numerically distinct."

It all sounds tremendously mediæval and scholastic; yet there is an interesting point here. In effect Miss Sinclair accuses her opponents of an error in introspection. What they say of consciousness is true of secondary consciousness, but not of primary consciousness, and so *being* and *being known* may after all be the same.

To the layman it seems that the process of endeavoring to get at reality by an analysis of thought inevitably involves a final definition of *consciousness*, and that consciousness very probably cannot be defined. But so far as the book under consideration is concerned, one may well regard the game as drawn—idealism being at best a permissible way of thinking. In many cases, Miss Sinclair seems to have made out a case sufficiently strong to shift the burden of disproof from her own shoulders to those of her opponents. But even this appears to be a considerable gain. It would be rather awful, one cannot help thinking, if the mind could really be bound down to any of the theories of knowledge that have been advocated. Miss Sinclair's criticism resists a kind of scholastic tendency in the new philosophy and in this way strikes one as a liberating work. What is more, her defense of idealism has provoked the author to think certain thoughts about the nature of Deity and the mystery of evil, which, though not of course final, are hopeful and promotive of life. Surely a way of thinking which, not being demonstrably false or ultimately harmful, does enable one by its provisional acceptance to feel better adjusted to the universe, is a pure gain. Such pragmatic commendation Miss Sinclair's work appears richly to deserve.

A GLANCE TOWARD SHAKESPEARE. By John Jay Chapman. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press.

Mr. Chapman's little books seem generally to be more desirable than other people's big books. Indeed, one sometimes wishes that there were more writers nowadays who understood the art of saying much in little. Mr. Chapman is one of the few moderns who can write aphoristically and yet express something worth while. Not even Samuel Butler in his *Notebook* is more compactly suggestive than is this writer, or succeeds in producing stronger conviction—without argument.

So felicitous are Mr. Chapman's sayings that one is constantly tempted to

quote him. "The use of great men is to bind the world together"—this, the first sentence that greets one upon opening the volume is in itself worth an essay, so fraught with significance is it for anyone who has studied the effects of literature and who is at all familiar with modern speculative thought. And again is there not a satisfying and practically irrefutable philosophy of literature in this comment?—"One cannot define pleasure, or name the difference between imaginative literature and realism; but it is easy to tell them apart. Imaginative work leaves us happy. But Ibsen and Tolstoy, and the modern heavy hewers of fiction, by whatever name they may call themselves, cloy the mind. . . . The true artist gives us brain-spun realities which have no function but to be apprehended by the brain."

Besides his gift of cogent generalization, Mr. Chapman possesses a faculty, more common in the style of to-day, of vigorous and opportune plain speaking, of concrete vividness. Who has better characterized the Elizabethan drama in a few words—"a furious, riotous, tatterdemalion kind of drama"? Thus the author never allows attention to become wearied, and artfully keeps a stream of images flowing before the mind even when he is dealing with abstractions, or rather with subtle distinctions.

Unlike the majority of critics, he is not merely imaginative and susceptible, but also penetrating; that is he discovers and expresses things that one feels to be certainly a part of the experience of reading Shakespeare, but has never separately thought of. A case in point is his observation that "the best points in Shakespeare are sometimes not made by the actors at all, but fall *between* the cues"—a statement well illustrated by the moment in *Romeo and Juliet* when the Nurse advises Juliet to marry Paris. But the book is full of good things of a like nature—statements which one not only approves but applauds.

Perhaps the most general merit of Mr. Chapman's criticism is the vivid realization it imparts of the two qualities always present in Shakespeare—the literary and the dramatic—and the subtlety with which it distinguishes them.

The book, however, is somewhat more than an analysis. More than most other critics the author is successful in teaching one how to "take" Shakespeare—and this without imposing his personal tastes upon his readers. In so doing he seems to enlarge one's mind, or rather to help Shakespeare to do so. So clear and persuasive are his ideas that, unless they encounter some sort of prepared opposition, they are likely to slip at once into one's own thought system and immediately to begin functioning.

ARABIC THOUGHT AND ITS PLACE IN HISTORY. By De Lacy O'Leary, D. D., Lecturer in Aramaic and Syriac, Bristol University. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

The general value of this treatise is not, of course, that it emphasizes any highly distinctive contribution of Arabic science or philosophy to the modern